Truth or Dare by blithesea, womenseemwicked

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Summary:

The first few times he'd gone out on these little midnight drives and had stumbled on Billy Hargrove it had seemed like a bad dream. Steve would go take his car for a spin, and maybe Hawkins really is that fucking small, because there are apparently no roads you can drive down in the middle of the night and not see a blue Camaro go by at some point. Tonight, though, when he had woken up in a cold sweat again, grabbed a few beers from the fridge (not like his father ever counted the bottles) and made off, he had actually kinda hoped to see Hargrove on the road. Get him to stop, even.

Look, I got all this beer, help me not think of flesh-eating monsters coming to get me for a bit? Haha.

Of course, this is the night when there's no blue Camaro anywhere.

Truth or Dare

Author's Note:

> We started rp-ing this on January 1st, and have been going pretty much constantly at this point. For a while we were unsure if we wanted to post this since reading rp's can be tiring, but ultimately we've decided to give it a shot because *writing* it has been so fun. Let us know what you think!
> Billy POV by ficsandfuckery (women-seem-wicked on tumblr), Steve POV by blithesea (bites-heal on tumblr).

There's soft music playing on the radio, a six-pack of some fancy beer his dad drinks on the passenger seat, and a pack of Marlboro Reds opened and waiting on the dashboard, and Steve wonders, not for the first time, what the fuck he's doing.

The first few times he'd gone out on these midnight drives and stumbled on Billy Hargrove of all people it had seemed like a bad dream. Steve would go take his car for a spin, and maybe Hawkins really is that fucking small, because there are apparently no roads you can drive down in the middle of the night and not see a blue Camaro go by at some point. It had slowly become a thing to expect, almost. Hell, when Billy Hargrove started to wave at him in passing one night, Steve had laughed. It had seemed like a good joke, two idiots alone in the night when everyone else had better things to do.

Tonight, though, when he had woken up in a cold sweat again, grabbed a few beers from the fridge (not like his father ever counted the bottles) and made off, he had actually kinda hoped to see Hargrove on the road. Get him to stop, even. *Look, I got all this beer, help me not think of flesh-eating monsters coming to get me for a bit? Haha.*

Of course this is the night when there's no blue Camaro anywhere.

Fuck it, Steve thinks, and flicks open his lighter, and flicks it shut again.

--

Billy shivers. *Fucking Indiana*. He should have let Susan buy him that winter jacket last Saturday, but it had felt like some kind of failure to let her do a thing like that for him. He should have taken the extra time to try and steal back the keys to the Camaro from his dad's room before leaving. Or maybe he should have… *Fuck, is that snow?*

"You have got to be kidding me…" Billy glances up at the sky and catches another flake right between the eyes. An apt metaphor. "God damn fucking town…"

He glances back down the street the way he came. It's been at least half a mile, but he should be able to make it before the snow starts really falling in earnest. Probably. Billy pulls his leather jacket closer around himself and sighs. *This really is just typical.*

--

There is absolutely no reason to go by Hargrove's house just to take a look if the Camaro is in the driveway. The neighborhood where Max and Billy live isn't even remotely near Steve's house. If anyone asked what the hell he is doing there, driving up Hargrove's street at 2 am like a fucking stalker, going at a crawl to avoid the potholes and trying to remember if there was a swing set in Hargrove's backyard or if that was actually two houses over, Steve wouldn't know how to answer it. It's a good thing then that no one's ever going to know.

Only when he finally hightails it out of there to go home, none the wiser about the Camaro situation because everywhere is dark as hell, he starts to overtake a rambling figure on the side of the road, and *son of a bitch!* That's Billy Hargrove himself, and he's seen Steve now. There's actual eye-contact. *Shit.*

He stops the car because it would be weird not to, even though as he watches Billy Hargrove slowly coming closer in the rear view mirror, coming through the falling snow, breath steaming, he is fairly sure that just driving off would be the better idea. The more sane one, at least.

--

Billy frowns. He'd recognize those tail-lights anywhere. After weeks of passing them in the night he could have drawn them from memory. The question is, what they're doing on Pinewood Lane. This neighborhood is shit for what he and Steve do, testing the limits of their respective cars every night. The roads too fucked up to take at more than a crawl.

As he nears the driver's side of the Beemer, Billy decides he doesn't want to know. Because there's only one likely answer in his mind, and if Steve happens to have another he doesn't know how he'll feel about it. So instead he puts on as enticing a smile as he can through the shivers, and loosens his hips as he walks.

When he reaches the window, Steve looks up at him with clear apprehension before he rolls the window down. Billy glances around one last time to make sure they're alone, which, of course they fucking are, his watch blinks out 2:15 on his wrist.

So, taking the plunge, Billy leans to the window and pushes his ass out nice and far and purrs tauntingly:

"Hey handsome, looking for somebody to warm you up?" Only he's too cold for it to come out quite as he envisioned. While his voice is plenty low, sultry, it's broken up by the shivers, which are only made worse by the promise of warmth coming at him from inside the car. *Fuck*. "Gotta warn, I charge extra for boys in fancy cars."

--

Steve can't help himself, he stares. He wishes that in the few months since Billy arrived in Hawkins, he had found a way to cope with the guy, but no such luck. Whenever Steve had tried to be aloof, Hargrove just dug into him harder, when he tried to show his cool, not letting the flirty words and looks and leers get to him, well. First it had gotten him knocked on his back, then a pair of fists to the face.

He has no idea what makes the guy tick, and in the face of whatever it is Billy Hargrove is doing tonight, it feels like a completely impossible thing to remain unflappable. There's Billy, and he is pushing his sex appeal at Steve like they've never come to blows. There is no way to escape the flap. Steve is thoroughly flapped.

“What...” he snorts, grips the steering wheel harder. He shakes his head and tries again. “It’s fucking freezing, man, where the hell do you think you’re going?”

--

Billy thinks about pulling back from the window, but the thought of giving up this little warmth makes him shiver harder. He shrugs.

“Out,” he says, his voice coming back up to its usual range as he drops all but the stance of a whore. “Thought maybe I’d find the elusive Hawkins nightlife if I combed the streets for it on foot,” he jokes. “And then, poof, here you are.” He looks at Steve appraisingly. “King Steve, are you my fairy godmother of booze?”

He glances over at the passenger’s seat, a frosty-looking six-pack just waiting for him like a gift, and smirks at Steve maybe a little too lustfully.

Whatever. If he asks, Billy will pass it off as the whore persona or a lust for beer. Neither is strictly speaking *not* true.

--

Steve opens his mouth to protest that he is not a *fairy* anything, and just in time thinks better of it. It’s one thing to have Billy Hargrove there just when he was looking for him, like he somehow managed to will him into existence. He doesn’t have to let Billy know it, not in the first five minutes. Not if he can help it.

“Yeah, well, actually here in Indiana we don’t count hypothermia as having a good time,” he rebutts, feeling lame, like he should be countering Billy’s swagger with something more dazzling. What he really wants is for him to just get into the fucking car. “So, are you going to stand there all night, then?”

--

Billy laughs and leans back up to stand, adjusting his hips in a little dance as a little cloud forms from his exhale.

“Pushy,” he comments, and then he winks. “I like that in a man,” he

says, turning away from the window to circle the front of Steve's idling car.

--

Steve releases a huff of annoyance, and quickly rolls up the window. He's not looking at Billy Hargrove's ass while Billy is walking around the car, he is NOT. He shifts in his seat, realises the six-pack of beers is going to be in the way, grabs it and puts it down on the floor. His head knocks the packet of cigarettes off the dash and he barely manages to catch them before they end up all over the passenger seat.

Christ. Keep it together, Harrington. Should he be opening the door for Billy? *Fuck, no.* Steve leans back in his seat instead, going for relaxed. Cool. He wishes he had a mixtape of something to put on, what with the kind of insipid shit they play on the radio in the middle of the night, but it's too late for that now. When Billy opens the door, Steve flinches slightly. Sleep deprivation. That shit can make a guy jumpy as hell.

--

Billy slides into the car and pulls the door shut behind him with a little too much force, not used to the lighter build of the BMW and not in full control of his muscles, stiff as they are from the cold.

"D'you mind?" he mutters and reaches for the heat controls.

Steve shrugs wordlessly and indicates that he can do whatever, so Billy blasts the heat and leans into the feeling of it, squeezing his hands into fists and moving them slowly, experimentally.

"What are we *listening* to, Harrington?" he questions with laughter in his voice, not yet glancing over, as feeling slowly returns to the tips of his fingers.

--

"Shut up," Steve mutters, feeling the back of his neck heat up. It's not that he hates the Cyndi Lauper, really, in fact he may or may not have listened to "Time After Time" on repeat until his mom came in

and forcibly turned off his radio this winter. But now he firmly wishes she'd turned to a career in silent meditation or something instead of singing. "Pick a better station, then."

He starts driving again, wanting to get away from this street, which is way too close to other houses and people and relatives of Billy for comfort. Not that he probably has a father who goes on random nightly walks, but then, Billy does that, so what if oddness runs in the family? Steve starts breathing a little more easily when the houses along the road thin out, and there is almost nothing but inky blackness around them.

--

Billy still isn't familiar with the stations in this town. There are so few of them that, for the most part, he's elected to stick with the collection of tapes he brought with him from California. He turns the knob as carefully as he can, but even so he has to search back and forth through static for a while before he comes to something less than vomit-worthy.

There has to be at least two stations on here that are just old men quoting scripture tonelessly. *Jesus Christ*, Billy agrees, flicking past one of them for the third fucking time. After at least a minute of this, he finally finds a fuzzy station from at least a county over, available only one one little notch of the dial, that's playing Heart. *There we go*, he settles. *Least somebody in this state knows goddamn music.*

Finally he looks up at the street they're on, at the darkness of their surroundings and the diminishing lights behind them, and flashes a curious look at Steve over his shoulder.

"Where we headed, pretty boy?" he asks. "You kidnapping me now?"

--

Steve would very much like know that himself, to be quite honest. Because if he's thinking of going somewhere with Billy, the result may be that they end up stopping. And then they'll be parked. And he'll be parking with Billy Hargrove. Though that seems quite a logical conclusion to picking up someone in a car, Steve really hadn't

thought it all the way to the end. He swallows, shakes his head.

“I don’t know,” he says, because all of his smoothness seems to have taken the night off so maybe honesty is the way to go now.

“I hadn’t actually planned on picking your sorry ass off the streets.” Well, that isn’t a complete lie. Not *really*.

--

“You just, what, wanted to stop in and check if I was asleep?” Billy smirks, and what the hell. Didn’t he tell himself he *wasn’t* gonna pursue that line of inquiry?

Fuck it, he decides. *In for a penny, right?*

“Come on, you’re fooling no one here, man,” he gestures around the car to remind Steve of how very alone they are. “Those streets are hell. There’s only one possible reason to be on them at this hour, and it’s if you’re tryin’ to get laid.”

His voice has gone low again without his realizing it, and he’s moved into Harrington’s space just a little too much. He thinks he sees the other boy’s pupils widen, but it’s dark out - there’s no way he can know that. Billy leans back in his seat and pulls the pack of cigarettes from Steve’s dash casually, like he owns the place.

“Or you’re just that desperate for somebody to drink with,” he offers, flipping a cigarette up between his teeth. He smiles back at Steve like a predator, this time careful to keep it PG. If he keeps going at him this hard even somebody with a small-town mind like his is gonna catch on eventually, and he can’t have that.

--

Fuck. Trust Hargrove to make things weird. Why the hell did he have to bring up getting laid, and lean in like that? Steve *knows* he’s doing it on purpose, to get a rise, just like he always does. And like always, it’s working.

“You got me,” he says, carefully keeping his eyes on the road. “I was seeing someone. On your street. A girl, I was with a girl. We had sex,

and then I was going home. The end."

--

Billy raises both eyebrows at that and keeps his eyes on Steve as he slowly lights the stolen cigarette with his own zippo.

"Did you, now?" he prods thoughtfully, taking a drag. He pauses to let the silence really get to him, then exhales the smoke through his nose. "I'm sorry to hear that, King Steve. The girls in my neighborhood are all cows. You could do better."

Dammit, that was suggestive again, wasn't it? Billy kicks himself internally. He can't turn it off anymore, can he? Not around *King Steve*, anyway. There's something about this preppy asshole that just gets under Billy's skin and makes controlling himself near impossible.

Billy takes another drag of the cigarette and closes his eyes. If only he didn't *have* to control himself.

--

Steve should have expected Billy to come back with something insulting, like he always does, digging in to the way Steve doesn't have it anymore, whatever "it" is, the thing that made him *King Steve* in the past, and god does he hate that stupid title. He hadn't expected it to bother him, though, that Billy Hargrove of all people thinks he can only land the bottom of the barrel these days. *Fuck him. Why does he always have to be like this?*

When he shoots an annoyed glance at Billy, the guy isn't even looking at him anymore. And Steve realises that it's a good look on him, eyes closed. Nothing mean going on in his face. He is leaning against the headrest, almost peacefully. It's the nicest Steve has ever seen him.

"You want a beer?" Steve hears himself say, and looks pointedly at the road so Billy doesn't catch him watching. "Help yourself."

--

Billy opens an eye and glances over at his driver. Pulls the cigarette

from his lips and nods.

“Yeah,” he says. And then, “wait, where can I…?” he indicates the ash building at the end of the stoge.

Steve glances over and pulls an ashtray out from the dash. Billy flicks the ash in and sets the cigarette there carefully so he can lean down and grab them each a bottle. He takes a moment to appreciate the brand.

“For your hot date?” he suggests, tilting the labels toward Steve. “You really know how to treat a girl. This is some fancy shit.”

--

Steve shrugs, feeling his neck grow hot again. He wishes he hadn’t made up that stupid lie, but it just kept pouring out of his mouth. Maybe Billy isn’t going to harp on it too much, though, if he keeps him occupied with beer and cigarettes.

“Shit, I forgot to bring a bottle opener,” he dodges the question. “Um. Look into the glove compartment? Maybe there’s something…”

--

Billy just smirks and notches his thick ring under the lip of a bottle cap carefully, leveraging it off with a pop.

“I’ve got ya covered, sweetheart,” he says, and god, that almost sounded earnest. *What the fuck?*

He hands Steve the first bottle, and opens his own the same way.

“You aren’t gonna drink and drive though, are you, Stevie?” he asks. “I hear that’s pretty dangerous.”

--

Dammit. Steve wasn’t even planning to do any of the drinking, that’s why he asked Billy if *he* wanted a beer. It wasn’t meant as a two-beer thing. He could have driven a bit longer, circled around to Billy’s place and kicked the guy out after a little while, maybe. Now he

either has to keep driving, which is stupid, or stop somewhere along the road, which is worse.

“Oh, so now you’re the responsible one between the two of us?” he says, but there isn’t any real bite in the words. And when there’s a secluded bit of shoulder on the side of the road he pulls over, and puts the car into park.

--

“Just rather not be drinking alone in Steve Harrington’s passenger seat,” Billy says, because yeah, that would be pretty fucking pathetic.

“And if we’re gonna drink *together* we gotta do it right,” he goes on, holding his bottle up to clink against Steve’s. “I mean it seems only fair that you get a chance to reclaim the title I stole from you, doesn’t it?”

--

“Fuck that title,” Steve mutters, and takes a long drag of beer. That feels good, sliding down his throat, cool, delicious. He starts feeling a bit calmer. “You can keep it if it means so much to you.”

--

Billy deflates a little. *Dammit. How does he do that? Make me feel like I’m so full of shit with only four words?*

He glances at his unmet bottle and brings it back. Takes a longer drag than Steve did just ‘cause he can. The beer is good. Deserves to be drunk slower than this. But Billy’s not good at moving slow.

Billy pulls the cigarette back from the ashtray and chases his chug with a quick inhale. The smokes are good too. And the music might be wavering into shit territory now, but at least it’s fuzzy - barely audible against the backdrop of white noise.

“Why were you really on Pinewood, Harrington?” he asks. And there’s no posturing in his voice now. He just needs to know. He tries, at least, not to examine the truths of *why*.

--

Steve takes another sip. At this rate, he's going to be emptying the bottle way too soon. Drinking instead of answering Billy's question is a shit strategy, he does realize that. Sooner or later there won't be any beer left, but Billy will still be there.

"I don't know, man," he says, shrugging. "I guess I don't sleep too well these days. And I figured, maybe you don't, either."

--

Billy's taken aback for a second. He doesn't know what he expected, exactly, but that kind of honesty wasn't it. He turns back to the bottle and this time he only takes a sip. Lets it sit in his mouth for a moment.

"Doesn't take that much figuring," he points out. "You see me out on the roads almost every night."

He bites his lip.

"But yeah…" he tilts his head back and finishes off the beer. "I try not to be at home any more than I've gotta be, I guess."

--

Steve blinks. He isn't quite sure what to make of that information. *What is Billy saying, that he hates his parents? Shit, who doesn't? Or is there something more than that?* The silence between them starts feeling a little uncomfortable, and Steve grasps for something to say.

"So what happened to your car?" he blurts out, and instantly feels like more of an idiot.

--

Billy clicks his ring against the empty bottle in his hand distractedly.

"Got the keys taken away," he huffs out. "Like a fuckin' *kid*." He shakes his head. "Could've stole them back, but I mean what's the point."

He pulls the cigarette back between his lips and breathes deep through it.

“Where’d you get the beers?” he asks, because it feels somehow less awkward than asking *why* he got them, and *why tonight*. “D’you always drink on nights like this?”

His tone isn’t judgemental. He knows that habit too well himself. Though he hasn’t done it that way in a while, it’s always just around the corner.

--

“*No*,” Steve replies, maybe a little too heatedly. “Not always,” he adds, feeling sheepish for snapping. “Just, sometimes it helps. With the sleeping. Not always though.”

In truth, when he goes out driving he doesn’t drink at all. The drinking comes later, when he’s back home lying in his bed, staring at the shadows on the ceiling and sleep still won’t come. When the dark corners of his room start looking less and less familiar.

“The beers are from my dad’s private collection. He has this whole thing, just for parties. Never touches them alone. He hates beer, actually,” he says, trying to steer the conversation to something a bit less heavy.

“And I brought them for you, actually,” he adds, because the beer is starting to make him feel a bit smooth again. And mindless flirting - or whatever it is they do, why’d he think *flirting?* - is a lot better than talking about that other shit. “Figured you’d be a cheap date. Couple of beers and a pack of smokes.”

--

Billy can’t hold back a surprised little laugh at that, and he licks his bottom lip compulsively, smiling at Steve’s forwardness. But he schools his face into half-seriousness and glances over the spread before them.

“Well you’d be right, normally,” he says. “But remember, I charge extra for guys in fancy cars. It’s just good business sense, Harrington.

Nothing personal," he winks.

--

Steve sighs, exaggerating the sound, showing off. He's enjoying this. "Let's see, then…"

He digs around in the pockets of his jeans and comes up with half a roll of Polo mints. "Aha! Paydirt."

Holding them out to Billy, he wiggles his eyebrows. "How about it?"

--

Billy stares at his hand for a second, not really sure how to respond, before the laugh bubbling up in his chest overtakes him suddenly. Steve chuckles a little too.

"I'm hurt, Harrington," Billy says, putting a mockingly distressed hand over his heart. His eyes are actually a little teary from laughing so hard. God, has he been that desperate for a laugh? Or has the beer just gone to his head that quick? Billy takes a quick, deep drag off his dying cigarette and decides he doesn't care.

"Is that really all this sweet ass is worth to you?" he asks, beseechingly. "I mean," he gives Steve a good once-over and shakes his head appreciatively. "I would at least score *you* some coke."

--

The way Billy looks at him, all over, like he really does want to eat him up, makes Steve's head swim a little. Must be the beer. It's all just for a joke, really. Must be.

"Well I'm fresh outta coke, and my dealer doesn't deliver to shitty back roads in the middle of the night, so no luck there," he shrugs, not looking up at Billy. He drinks down his beer until the bottle is empty.

--

Billy bites back another laugh, determined to at least not seem

crazier than he already does, and watches Steve for a second before shaking his head and reaching over. He grabs the roll of mints from Steve's surprisingly soft, warm hand, and pops one in between his teeth with a wink as Steve's big, dark eyes follow it.

"Then I guess we'll have to make do," he says, closing his mouth around it with an unnecessarily wet sound.

--

Steve is staring again before he can catch himself. There's the way Billy does things with his mouth, it always seems like he has more mouth than most people. More sass. More shit-eating grins. More tongue. Steve swallows and runs a hand through his hair. *Shit.* Watching Billy Hargrove suck on a mint makes him feel like a fucking freshman. If this was a girl, he'd have no doubts about what to do. Hell, if this was a girl, they'd most likely already be making out in the back seat.

Keep it cool, he tells himself. *He's all talk*.

"Gimme another beer?" he asks and hopes his voice hasn't gone as high as he feels it has.

--

Billy reaches down and grabs another bottle, then decides to get himself one too and reaches down again before he's fully up. His hands are still not fully recovered from the bone-chilling cold of the snow outside, and they slip. Steve's bottle falls to the ground between his feet.

"*Shit.*" He picks it up and glances around for something to contain the overflow that is no doubt about to happen. Steve wordlessly hands him a paper napkin from the back, the remnant of a lunch had in the car days ago.

Billy lays it on his lap and cracks the top off with his ring again, quickly bringing it to his mouth. He can feel Steve's eyes on him as he licks the foam up expertly and okay, maybe he's way more drunk than he has any right to be because all he can think right now is:

Good. Let him watch.

He glances up for just a second, expecting to see some kind of conflict on the pretty boy's face, but instead, he just sees want. *Confused* want, granted, but it's pure. Pure enough that it's got a flush rising in Billy's chest and the urge to do *stupid things* overtaking him.

Billy doesn't take his eyes off Steve's for a moment as he lets a little of the foam get on his chin, not bothering to be hygienic or considerate as he cleans the rest of Harrington's bottle. As he hands it over, he makes a show of licking the last bit off his chin. *Like it's your come, pretty boy,* his mind supplies helpfully.

--

Steve can't look away. He tries, he really does. He knows Billy is playing with him, and that makes it worse, knowing that Billy is doing it on purpose, and watching him get flustered. All tease. *How the hell does he get away with it?*

His hand fumbles a bit when he takes the bottle, and it's enough to break eye-contact when he gets his slippery fingers under control, cradles the bottle to contain the overflow, glad to have something else to look at. Any second longer of watching Billy Hargrove *lick things*, and he might have done something stupid.

--

Billy chuckles and forces himself to turn away too. Busies himself with picking his own bottle back up from the floor and cracking it open. The car is silent for a long moment but for the sound of Steve fidgeting and the wind outside. Billy finishes off the cigarette and kills it in the ashtray.

"We should play a game," he suggests suddenly, turning back to Steve. He's conflicted about whether this is him trying to move this apparent seduction further along, or trying to halt it in its tracks before he gets himself killed or worse. *I'll play it by ear*, he decides clear-headedly.

--

“Game?” Steve echoes stupidly and takes another long sip. He can’t think of any games Billy Hargrove and he could play in the middle of the night, in the dark… oh. Maybe he can. Steve shifts in his seat, tries to get a little more comfortable, because suddenly his jeans feel a bit too tight, in the general crotch area. “Seems like we never do anything else,” he mumbles, talking more to his bottle than to Billy.

--

Billy watches the bottle at Steve’s lips and knows that if he doesn’t get some kind of a hold on himself here soon, he’s going to act on the itch under just under his skin. The craving to *be* that bottle. He wonders what Steve would do if he cracked the window, just a little bit.

“Fine,” he shrugs, leaning back into his seat and breathing deep. *Oh shit, that doesn’t help. The leather smells like him.* Billy’s fingers move irresistibly to the window crank and stay there, not moving.

“No games then,” he says with an air of distance that almost sounds truly disinterested. “I’m just tryin’ to make up for your poor night-planning skills, Harrington. But if you’d rather…”

--

“Okay, fine, I’ll bite,” Steve says, because the not talking isn’t making him any less conscious of the way he is starting to feel wound up way too tight. “Let’s play a game.”

Asking Billy what kind of game is going to result in all kinds of trouble, he just knows it. At least they don’t have any cards with them, so strip poker is out.

Steve feels like slapping his brain for going there.

“What kind of game?”

--

Billy leans over and turns the key in the ignition, turning the car completely off. No more heater. That should help with how dizzy this whole situation is making him. But, *oh,* being this close to Steve is *not*

helping.

He moves quickly back into his own space and drinks deeply from his beer even though to lose his inhibitions is exactly the opposite of what he needs. *Or is it?*

“Truth or dare,” he says lightly.

--

For one moment, Steve was sure Billy was leaning in for *something*. To kiss him? As if. To intimidate him? More likely. But Steve has a hard time thinking of why. Maybe Billy can feel that something in the atmosphere has changed. Maybe he can tell Steve is on his way to a depressing accidental hard-on.

So what if he is, Steve thinks mulishly. They’re guys. It happens. And his dick hasn’t seen any action other than his own right hand since Nancy.

“Okay, sure,” Steve replies with a light shrug, like he doesn’t give a damn. “Let’s do Truth or Dare.”

--

Billy grins but avoids the temptation to lick his lips through some unholy power.

“So?” he prompts. “Truth or dare, then, Stevie?”

--

It’s a game he’s played a hundred times, and Steve knows the best way to start is a simple Truth, to ease into things. He leans back in his seat.

“Dare.”

--

“*King* Steve,” Billy purrs appreciatively and laughs. “All right, I dare you…” he glances around the car, around outside, thinking. His eyes

alight on the bottle in his hand. “...to challenge me for your title back. Come on, first to the finish,” he coaxes.

--

It’s probably not a fair fight, because Steve has a feeling he’s drunk more of his bottle than Billy has, but he’s not gonna complain. Instead, he tips his head back and chugs like a pro, then slams the empty bottle on the dash a full second before Billy finishes his.

“Eat my dust, Hargrove,” he grins. This is fun. Maybe he read the situation wrong before. This is just normal party stuff.

“Truth or dare?”

--

Billy wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

“Dare,” he replies without even having to think.

--

Steve wracks his brain for a good dare, but he only comes up with crap. *Billy, kiss the person on your left. Take off all your clothes and run naked around the car three times. Blow me.*

He shivers, noticing the cool air between them. “Why'd you turn the heat off?” he complains. Then he remembers what Billy said to him earlier, when he leaned against the window, and grins.

“Okay, Hargrove. Show me how you’re gonna warm me up.”

--

Billy chokes.

Well, that was fast.

He glances at Steve and then quickly away, trying to read in the split second whether he’s joking or not. He’s got to be joking, right? If he does this he’s going to get hit or thrown out of the car. Right? He

coughs and tries really hard to seem unaffected by the thought that Steve Harrington might actually be coming on to him back.

“Well I can’t do shit with you behind that steering wheel,” he points out. “If you want your money’s worth we’re gonna have to move this to the back seat, Harrington.” He winks. Like it’s still a joke. Because, God, if this is still a joke to anyone here he’s gonna need as much plausible deniability as he can get his hands on. *I’m so fucking dead*, Billy thinks to himself as Steve shifts in his seat.

--

“Okay, sure,” Steve shrugs and smiles, because hell, he knows this isn’t going to happen the way it *might*. Billy Hargrove is going to back down at some point, make another joke, laugh it off, and Steve is going to enjoy every second of that. So much.

He gets out of the car and into the back, glad for the cool night air on his heated face. Then he smiles up at Billy.

“Do your worst.”

--

Billy cracks open another beer and chugs half of it. *Fuck it,* he decides. He hands the rest of the bottle to Steve and pushes open the passenger door, quickly circling back to the back seat door and slamming it behind him.

Steve has finished the beer and tosses it up to the front like he’s making a weak layup. Billy smirks.

“Pitiful,” he mutters, but before Steve can defend himself or complain, he kneels up and over to sit straddling Steve’s lap, firm on the back seat. Their faces are so close. Steve is shocked into silence, but he doesn’t look like he’s going to throw him off.

Billy slips a hand around the back of the older boy’s neck, tangling his fingers in the soft hair there, and stares down at the lips he’s wanted to touch so badly for so many fucking months. But it’s dizzying. This close to the prize Billy finds himself paralyzed. His breath is shaky now and he’s sure Steve can feel it. He’s afraid to

meet his eyes.

So instead he leans in further.

--

Fuck. Steve feels their lips brush, just for a moment, and flinches back, looking at Billy wildly. What the fuck is happening here? He was fully prepared for Billy to make a go for his dick, pretend to give him a handy, even laugh if he realized Steve was already half-hard. He didn't anticipate *this*, the soft look Billy has on his face right before he leans in, like he's just as unsure and freaked out as Steve feels. Hell, grabby, horny, mocking Billy, Steve thinks he could have handled. But this?

"Billy," he says, and it feels odd in his mouth, but he can't go back to Hargrove, not after this.

"Billy."

--

Billy's heart stops. Or at least he thinks it must have. When Steve says his name like that he suddenly wonders if he's even alive. *Shit, I'm gonna get kicked out,* he thinks desperately. *He's gonna call me a fag and drive off. Leave me in the snow.*

He doesn't know whether to double-down or back-track. Harrington always throws him so fucking far off kilter.

But luckily, some part of Billy's brain is still at work in there, and in a moment he's off Steve's lap and across the seat again, smiling back at him like it's all been a hilarious prank.

"So, uh… truth or dare, Harrington?" he asks, and hopes his voice doesn't sound as hopelessly tense as he thinks it does.

--

Steve runs a hand through his hair, and he can feel it shaking. *Fuck.* Billy Hargrove is just trying to get under his skin, and he's never done it better. For one moment, Steve actually believed it. Now he

feels like a complete moron, so one could truly say that Billy Hargrove is winning this game between them. Steve is just left flat on his back with his wind knocked out of him, once again. He doesn't feel much like playing anymore.

"Truth," he mutters, and his voice is feeling a bit raw.

--

Billy glances over at Steve thoughtfully. Was he wrong? Steve doesn't sound… But no. It can't be… *God doesn't like me enough to make that one a queer*, he points out to himself.

But still…

"What're the most attractive qualities somebody can have, for you?" he asks before he knows the words are forming in his mouth. "What are your biggest turn-ons, King Steve?" he tacks on at the end like a hastily painted *haha we're all heterosexuals here!* sign, trying its best to cover up a giant neon dick.

Billy considers for a moment just kicking himself out of the car and braving the hypothermia.

--

Steve's mouth feels dry. He doesn't know how to answer this one, it feels like a trap. Like Billy is going to pull a bait-and-switch, like he just did. Like he always does. He looks down at his lap, wishes he could palm his half-hard cock, even though he's really not feeling in that kind of mood anymore. Would just feel nice to relieve some of the pressure.

He tries to come up with something. What does he want from people? Nancy's face in a bathroom mirror comes to mind. *Bullshit.* It still hurts.

"Honesty," he says. "I like it when people cut the crap and just tell me what's up."

--

Fuck. He has to know what he's doing at this point, the asshole. No way does he not see how much Billy is struggling to keep a hold on himself right now.

Billy's never been this conflicted about a lay before. If he gets it he gets it, if he doesn't he'll find it somewhere else. But tonight it's like… *Like you want him for more than a lay, you hopeless queen.*

He shakes his head and laughs at himself a little. Where the hell is that confidence he's worked so hard to exude everywhere he goes?

"All right, Steve…" He braces himself for something like the truth.

--

No sassy comeback? Steve had already braced himself for something, but he's oddly relieved when Billy doesn't go there. It feels like Billy is working up to something, though, so before he can do anything, Steve leans back, crosses his arms before him. "Truth or dare, Hargrove."

--

All the nerve he'd just built up, all the muscles tensed to lean over to Harrington's side of the car, suddenly deflate. He wants to punch something. *Why is this so fucking hard?*

"Dare, whatever," he says, gesturing that he really doesn't care with a flick of his arm. The least Harrington can do is give him something to do to distract himself from this bullshit.

--

Alright, so the game is stupid, and Billy doesn't even want to play anymore. Steve wants to point out that Billy was the one who suggested this shit, but he doesn't. Billy's acting like nothing means shit, which just makes Steve want to get him to admit that's not true. That bit with their mouths together, okay, you couldn't actually call it a kiss. But that meant something, even if Steve doesn't know *what*. And then Billy just goes and pretends that it doesn't. And Steve has been turning the other cheek for too long. Fuck that noise. Steve is sick of it.

“Alright, then,” he says. Billy doesn’t want to play, he’ll have to be the one to say it out loud.

“I dare you to get naked.”

--

Billy works up an echo of his usual cocky smile and raises an eyebrow at Steve.

“You wanna see me naked, Harrington?” he asks. “What, don’t get enough of that in the showers?”

--

“Are you stalling right now, Hargrove?” Steve replies, eyebrows raised. “Didn’t figure you for the type. But hey, if you want to stop playing…”

--

“Nonono--” Billy holds up a hand, stilling him. “I didn’t say that,” he smiles more sweetly now. “Just had to comment on it. But here. You want a striptease? I’ll give you a striptease, Harrington.”

He says the last while kicking off his boots. It’s been a long time since he did something like this, and he’s never tried to pull it off in the confines of a car before. But Billy is nothing if not willing to try.

--

“Striptease, huh?” Steve grins. “Funny the way your mind works, Hargrove.”

He pushes himself off the bench and to be really honest, it feels good how that makes Billy look at him with a bit of surprise. Like he’s expecting Steve to do something, tear off his clothes? Bend him into a Hollywood kiss? Steve lets that thought warm him as he leans between the two front seats to grab the last bottle of beer. He’s going to fucking enjoy this.

“Open this for me?”

After Billy complies, Steve leans back into the seat and takes a long swig. *Nice.*

--

“Sitting comfortably?” Billy asks with a mocking smile, but he kind of loves it. Loves that when Steve handed him the bottle to open, his hand was shaking just a little. And maybe it’s just from real nerves at where this game is going to take him, but Billy’s believing his gut just a little bit more every second on this one. *Steve Harrington is as cock loving as the day is long.* Even if he doesn’t know it yet. Billy will help him see.

He works his jacket off his shoulders carefully, up and over so his arms look properly huge against the strain of fabric for a moment. When it’s off, he hangs it on the back of the passenger’s seat. Too precious for the floor.

Billy still hasn’t chanced a look at Steve, but he does now and is gratified to see that he’s watching just as raptly as he’d hoped, hands wrapped tight around his bottle. Billy licks his lips and slowly starts undoing his shirt buttons.

“Give me some of that,” he asks, nodding towards the bottle as he inches closer on the seat, his hands still working buttons open slowly. Steve hesitates a moment and then does.

Billy tilts his head back wantonly to take the beer, but even so, a bit of it splashes down past his lips and dribbles down his chin. He smiles and swallows as Steve pulls the bottle back. Though he wants to, he doesn’t lick his lips.

His shirt is nearly open now, so he pulls it up out of where it’s tucked into his jeans and rips the last few buttons open, pulling it aside. He can feel the little rivulets of beer sliding down over and between his pecs, but better yet he can see Steve taking it all in like it’s as good as the beer itself.

At the last minute, Billy makes a decision that has his lips quirking up into another wicked smile, and he throws the shirt off fully and kneels back up to straddle King Steve’s lap again. This time he

doesn't lean in, he leans *up* so his ass is off Steve's legs, thighs working to keep him perfectly in place.

He glances down for just a second and nearly loses it because while Steve's face looks innocent and completely lost by all of this, his cock is clearly responding. *Jesus, I knew he was hung, but…* Billy narrowly avoids a needy whine. Instead, he fixes Steve with a predatory smile.

"I figured you could help me with this last bit…" he suggests at a purr.

--

Steve doesn't know what to say to that, and even if he did, he feels like he has just swallowed his tongue. There's just so much of it, of everything. Billy is so close, like before, and this time he's half-naked, and his skin is glowing softly in the dim light. His muscles have always been unfair, a slap in the face of any normal teenager, *how often does the guy actually work out to get this ripped?*

There are his nipples - small and peaked from the cold, but Billy doesn't seem to notice or care - there are still wet tracks of beer all over his chest, and they're right in his face. Steve imagines licking them off. Tasting beer, and Billy. Wonders what kind of sound Billy would make if he did. But if this is still their game of chicken, he isn't going to rise to the bait. *Billy's gonna be the one to have to call it,* Steve stubbornly reminds himself.

He looks down and pops the button of Billy's jeans. Fumbles a bit, because he can see now there's no waistband underneath. Billy Hargrove is going commando in fucking January. *How the fuck doesn't he have frostbite on his balls yet?*

Steve leans back, raises his eyebrows, daring Billy to say something. This is as far as he's gonna go.

--

Billy meets his eyes. For a moment he thinks about taunting him. *There's one more step here.* But Billy is tired of games - tired of pretending this isn't what this night is coming to - so instead he

shows mercy.

Biting his bottom lip and tasting the beer still there, he slips his own hands to his jeans and flicks the zipper down. *Jesus, it's cold.*

He wants to back down. Keep his pants on at least just so his dick doesn't freeze off before he's able to get someone to do something sweet to it. But he's *not* going to lose. Not now.

Slipping his feet back down onto the floor and leaning up so he's practically standing over Steve in the cramped space, no doubt giving Harrington an eyeful of some part of him or another, he shucks his jeans down the rest of the way in one harsh movement and a tortured half-breath as cold air grips his balls like a fucking vise.

He falls back into the seat beside Steve and gestures to his naked self, pressing his legs together to keep warm, and tries to laugh.

"Truth or dare, asshole."

--

Steve leans back and takes another drink from the bottle to smooth the hoarseness in his throat. He can feel himself smiling, but inside his heart is pumping double time. *Shit shit shit shit!* He now has a naked Billy Hargrove sitting next to him, about to dare him to do something awful or get the truth about something even more horrific. He really should have thought this through a bit earlier.

Truth would be the pansy's way out, but Steve isn't a pansy, no matter what Billy Hargrove may have to say about the matter.

"Dare."

--

Billy's skin flushes a little at the rawness of that word in Steve's tight throat and he can think of so many things he'd like to do with that. But right now there's a matter more pressing. So he decides to kill two birds with one stone, and in the meantime see what kind of mind Steve Harrington really has.

He meets his eyes through half-lowered lashes and speaks low and heavy.

“I dare you to warm me up,” he says.

--

Truth be told, Steve is plenty warm now - just hearing Billy’s voice is making his neck feel flushed and his face heat up - and he can think of a number of ways to give some of that to Billy, but when he’d asked Billy to show him how he would warm him up Billy had, what? Not actually done anything but kiss him one second and laugh at him the next.

Steve looks at Billy, considering. He could go for it. Give Billy something to surprise him. In this game they’re playing, surprise is as good as an attack. And Billy thinks he has the upper hand. Steve smiles. Hands Billy the bottle of beer. And gets out of the car, rounding back to the trunk.

--

Billy lets out a pathetic sound at the rush of cold air from the open door and curls up on himself, nearly spilling the beer. *What the fuck?* He glances out the back window where Steve is hardly visible through the snow, fucking around with something in the trunk. He glances at the door he left open when he went.

The question of whether he can lean over and close it without suffering hypothermia before he even gets to the handle is all Billy can think about. *Jesus fucking Christ* he misses California.

--

Steve can hear the little mewl Billy makes, and he can’t help himself, he chuckles a bit. Then he feels like an asshole. It is actually below freezing, after all. He quickly grabs the sleeping bag from the trunk and slams it shut.

Back inside the car, he closes the door and then slowly and carefully opens up the sleeping bag, unrolls it to its full length. It’s a double, insulated with duck’s down. A soft, fuzzy interior. Steve unzips the

sides, turns the sleeping bag into a huge crinkly blanket. He leans back on the seat, spreads it over his legs.

“Alright then,” he says, looking at Billy. “C’mere.”

And pats his lap.

--

Billy blinks for a moment. Head spinning as his read on the situation quickly turns once again. But that looks fucking cozy, and right now that’s all he cares about. Not sure if he’s laughing or just shivering with noise, Billy crawls over onto Steve’s lap and covers himself quickly with the blanket.

--

Billy is built like a brick shithouse, but he’s also not resisting, so Steve adjusts him a little, pulls Billy more onto his lap and tucks him into the blanket all the way down to his legs, spread out across the bench seat. Billy is almost covered up completely now, his skin, though there’s a lot of it, isn’t touching Steve in any way.

“Warmer yet?”

--

Billy’s laugh sounds a little insane.

“Yeah,” he mutters against the fabric and the bit of Steve’s hair that’s just close enough to his face that he can feel it, can smell the pretty boy brand of shampoo. “Don’t move though. You’re helping more than the blanket.”

--

Billy is heavy on top of him, but he’s uncharacteristically still, not pulling any of his dick moves. Steve likes that. He wraps his arms around Billy’s waist casually, *where else is he gonna put them in this position?* and sniffles when he gets a face full of dirty blonde hair.

“Truth or dare?”

--

Billy pulls away, tugs his hair over his shoulder clumsily with an apologetic look, but doesn't pull back fully. The way they're sitting now, the wintery puffs of breath are mingling between them and all it would take is a single move for their lips to be touching again. He lowers his gaze to Steve's thick, perfect lips, and says softly:

"Truth."

--

For a moment, a vicious tug of triumph jumps through Steve, because he honestly thought Billy was going to pick dares until Steve made him jump off a cliff. He takes a deep breath. This feels like a one in a million chance, like he's never going to get this kind of luck again.

So many things he could ask, so many things he wants to know, and he has to clamp down tight on himself not to ask a stupid, meaningless one just from the excitement of it all. None of that *Whose hair is better, yours or mine?* shit. No asking if Billy really ate out Vicky Marsden for half an hour that one time, like he's heard it rumored. No asking about what kind of people Billy fucked in California, or if he can actually open a bottle of beer with his teeth. This is his one question, and it has to be good.

Steve shrugs slightly, like he can't make up his mind because he doesn't really care what the answer is. "Why do you fuck with me so much? And don't say it's the title, man, you fuckin' know I don't want it."

--

Billy lets out a little breath that could be a laugh and looks away. He leans further into the support of Steve's left arm and his chest. Thinks about getting his right arm out to wrap around Steve's shoulders, but that would mean risking the cold again, so he doesn't.

"Remember when you were in kindergarten and you'd pull the hair of girls you liked, just to know that they saw you?" he asks.

Steve frowns at him, like he can't tell if he's going off topic or if he's

being serious.

Billy slips his left hand up out of his cocoon and takes a lock of the long, dark hair at Steve's nape between his fingers thoughtfully. He meets Steve's eyes and gives the hair a tug.

--

Steve is quiet for a moment, eyes Billy carefully. He doesn't… he can't mean *that*... Can he?

He breaks their eye-contact, huffs an embarrassed little laugh. "Come on," he says, shaking his head. "What's that supposed to mean? You can't resist the famous Harrington charm?"

--

Billy's cheeks are warm. Probably from the near-hypothermia followed by the warmth of this goddamn blanket. He wonders just how far he can push this thing before Harrington won't think it's quite so entertaining. Wonders where he put that last sip of beer.

He shrugs a little against Steve's chest, but leaves his hand in his hair, playing with it lightly like that will keep the older boy from freaking out.

"I wouldn't say it's exactly the *charm* that's got me wanting…"

He trails off and presses his fingers further up into the back of Steve's hair, focusing on the feeling beneath his thigh that he thinks is maybe Steve's dick. If he's right…

--

"Oh. It's the *hair*," Steve nods and smiles softly. "Yeah, okay. I get that a lot. Can't say you have bad taste, really."

He feels like they're skirting on the edge of something, but he doesn't want to pull them away from it. He doesn't want Billy to jump away from him like he did earlier, he wants this tenuous state of in-between to last. It feels like anything could happen now, and that means *everything* is happening.

--

Billy laughs out loud and buries his face in Steve's neck at that.

He can't actually be this dense, can he? He can feel Steve tensing beneath him, no doubt under the impression Billy's laughing *at* him, which, to be fair, he is. But Billy doesn't mean it meanly.

"Jesus, Harrington," he says, catching his breath against the warmth of the older boy's jacket and the soft skin of his neck. "Do you really need me to spell it out?" he groans, "or are you fucking with *me* now?"

He pulls away a little and shakes his head at the honestly hesitant look on Steve's face.

"It's not just your hair, asshole," he sighs tiredly. "It's your hair, and your eyes, and your lips, and your *cock*…" Billy's voice catches on the word but he presses on. "It's the moles you have, fucking *everywhere*… and the way you get when you're riled up. When you're in a good mood, when you're in a bad mood, whatever. Jesus. *Steve*… I just want you to fuck me. All right? I'm a fucking fag and I want you to fuck me."

FUCK. When did Billy lose all control of his mental faculties? How does Steve Harrington have this much fucking control over his moods and his mouth? He was supposed to be *smooth*, dammit! Not stumbling over himself to make near love-confessions while huddled in a blanket on his lap! This is the worst way this could have happened. Way to give up all the air of fucking mystery he'd worked so hard for. God *damn.*

--

"Um." *Okay, wow.*

Steve feels his cheeks burn, and maybe he should have been prepared for that, because fuck if they haven't been dancing around each other all night, or maybe even for the better part of the last two months. But still, for Billy just to say shit like that, balls to the wall, *fuck.* Steve replays the words in his mind and shivers slightly. *Cock.* Billy's

been thinking about his cock. Looking at it, too, probably. *In the showers? All this time?*

And the rest of it. *I want you to fuck me.* People don't just go around saying shit like that! Billy just did, though. Steve lets his mind dwell on the thought, just for a moment, of fucking Billy Hargrove. He feels Billy shift on top of him, and it's all he can do to bite back a groan. Okay, so he's not gay, he knows he isn't. He likes girls. Nancy. He doesn't go around looking at guys and wondering what it's like to fuck them. Not until now, apparently, because fucking Billy… that idea is now branded into his mind in fucking technicolor.

"You want me to-- to *fuck* you?" he replies weakly, because, wow. He can't imagine ever saying that to another guy. Let alone wanting to go through with it. But Billy has put it out there, so it's not like Steve can pretend it's not a possibility. Not now.

--

Billy's heart is pounding. Steve isn't moving away. If anything, the desperation of his confession seems to be working better than all his distant, playful flirtation ever has. He shifts again and parts his thighs a little. Brings his left arm fully out of the blankets and grabs Steve's hand with it. He doesn't let himself think about it before he's bringing the hand to rest between his legs and grinding up into it through the blanket.

"I dare you," he breathes, holding back a groan.

--

Fuck. Trust Billy not to fight fair. Steve stares down at both their hands. He can feel Billy's dick through the thickness of the sleeping bag, just barely. It's the first time he's touched another guy's junk, even through several layers.

"Like, actual fucking," he repeats, feeling helpless. "Like, my cock up your…"

--

Billy smirks, and rolls his hips again, sliding his hand up Steve's arm

and feeling gratified when it hesitates for a moment but remains between his legs. He brushes his lips tantalizingly close to Steve's and nods.

"You have fucked before, haven't you, *King* Steve?" he whispers. And he wonders what effect the teasing will have now that Harrington knows where it's coming from.

--

"Fuck you," Steve replies, flushing. Of course, he's fucked before. But fucking girls is easy, once you get used to it. Steve hasn't known a girl yet he couldn't show a good time. He's completely out of his depth when it comes to *gay* fucking, though. His dates, happy to put out as they were, hadn't exactly been that big on anal.

"So you've… been fucked before, then?" he asks. "How much?" The question alone makes him squirm a bit underneath Billy, and now he's imagining him with other guys. He wishes he wasn't.

--

Billy can feel Steve beneath him, almost as desperate for this now as he is. He smiles slowly and drags his thigh across Steve's straining groin as he moves back just far enough to start pulling Steve's jacket off him gently.

"Let's just say California was a better place to be for guys like us," he says suggestively.

--

Steve hesitates and gives a disbelieving little laugh. "Guys like us?" Billy must have gotten something wrong there. He leans back into the seat, looking at Billy. Trying to figure out if he's fucking with Steve.

--

Oh for Christ's sake.

Billy rolls his eyes and in a moment he's shucked off the blanket and is back on Steve's lap, straddling him again this time, completely

naked. Predictably, Steve's eyes dive straight to his dick before darting away as he blushes furiously.

"What?" Billy challenges, raising his arms to box Steve in against the back of the pale, suede seat while simultaneously putting himself on display. "Don't like what you see, Harrington?" he teases. "What's that in your pants, hm? Thinking about Nancy Wheeler?"

He reaches between them slowly and trails a hand up the bulge in Steve's jeans.

"Hmm," he moans appreciatively as it responds to his touch. "She is pretty hot, isn't she? That square jaw, B-cup chest…" he winks and flexes his own generously b-cup pecs at Steve meaningfully.

--

"Fuck off," Steve says tonelessly. "Don't bring Nancy into this."

He doesn't know what to do about the naked guy in his lap. Does it feel good, the way Billy is touching him? Of course it does. And yeah, maybe it's something he wouldn't mind doing more than once. Still doesn't mean he's…

"I'm not gay," he says, and he doesn't care if Billy's going to laugh at him. He's not. It's not that simple. He's liked girls, just girls, for at least eight solid years until Billy came along and asked Steve to fuck him - okay, maybe he's looked at Billy a bit before then too, but never like this. It's not his fault if his dick isn't so loyal.

--

Billy bites his lip and leans in close until Steve has stopped breathing in anticipation of a kiss. Then he passes to his ear and whispers low:

"You don't have to be gay to like cock, Harrington."

He can feel Steve shudder as he presses his erection into the older boy's lower stomach and rolls his hips.

"Don't have to give up pussy just because sometimes you want something a little… *different*."

Steve's hands seem to instinctively find Billy's hips, hesitant like he thinks he should pull him away but doesn't want to. So Billy takes a hand in his and drags it up his chest, over muscles trembling with tension and cold.

--

To be honest, Steve would have argued that liking cock is pretty much the definition of being gay. But he isn't going to push the point, because he doesn't want to. Billy's words calm him a bit, even though he knows them to be bullshit, something Billy's saying to get what he wants from Steve.

At the moment, that just seems to be Steve's hands on him, touching him. And Steve is a-okay with that. He leans in, skims Billy's peaked nipples with his thumbs. Leans even closer and sucks one of them in his mouth. This he knows, and from what he can tell, Billy is just as into it as a girl might be.

--

Fuck. Steve's lips are better than he imagined. Better than they have any right to be. And Billy can't help pressing into them even as the position forces him to turn his head to the side to avoid the low ceiling. He lets out a moan but doesn't close his eyes. Watching this is too good, even if all he wants right now is to get Steve under that blanket with him.

He lets out another little sound as Steve glances up at him and moves to his other nipple, and buries his fingers in Steve's dark hair desperately.

"See?" he half laughs, breathing in shaky stops and starts. "Just like fucking a girl," he soothes tauntingly. "Unless you let me touch your cock," he promises. "Then it'll be so much better."

--

Steve doesn't reply at first because, first of all, he's busy - and enjoying himself, to his surprise - even though Billy on top of him is nothing like a girl, no matter what he says. Because he's *there*, and

he's arching into Steve's lips like he can't get enough of them, and it's a fucking turn-on how much he's into this. Enough to make Steve realize he wants it too.

But he knows that if Billy keeps reminding him of sex with girls, how this is anything but, they may never get to the actual fucking. And maybe that's what Billy wants, after all. To stroke his own ego by getting Steve hot and bothered, and then still back the fuck out.

"Okay," he says, more to reassure himself than anything else. Steve lets his hands drop back to Billy's hips. The skin there is soft in contrast to the hard muscle underneath. He looks up at Billy. "Do it."

--

Billy sits back down on Steve's thighs and brings one of his hands to the older boy's jaw, angling his face so they're eye to eye.

"How 'bout I start you off with something you know?" he suggests.

And before Steve can answer, he presses their lips together again. Longer this time, and deeper. He leans into the kiss and after a moment flicks his tongue out, even, to taste Steve's pretty lips.

--

Billy Hargrove *kissing* him first, like any girl he's slept with has, is surprising and a bit off-putting. Makes him realize he may have pictured this before, because he would never have pictured it like *this*. He would have put money on Billy kissing like he does everything else, full speed ahead and not a care for the carnage he leaves behind. But he'd have been wrong. Because this is just a bit like when they first sat here tonight, only this time he's going for it instead of backing off.

Steve closes his eyes and pulls Billy closer, meeting his tongue, eating up the little sound that Billy makes. It feels different from kissing a girl somehow, harder even when it's soft. But stubble doesn't feature enough to make him regret it.

--

By the time they pull apart, Steve feels less tense against him. More trusting. Finally like he's starting to clue into the fact that this is actually real. And somehow that isn't scaring him off, so Billy drops his hands to the opening of his pants and after another biting kiss, he goes for it, pulling the button open and sliding the zipper out of the way with trembling fingers. Is he that anxious? Or that cold?

But as Steve lifts his hips helpfully, the insistent heat of his erection pressing into Billy's hands, he finds that he doesn't really care. And in a moment he's pushing off of Steve and sliding his pants down out of his way while he moves to kneel between Harrington's pretty thighs on the floor.

He swallows hard at the sight of the dick he's admired in the showers and through pants and gym shorts, almost fully hard now all for him and in just his underwear. He leans in to mouth at it teasingly through the fabric, and it moves against his lips excitedly. *Fuck,* Billy thinks to himself dizzily, *I've missed this.*

--

Steve blinks at the sight of Billy going to his knees, but he only has a second before Billy's lips are on his cock. Even through the thin cotton of his briefs, he can feel the moist heat, and his head falls back against the headrest.

"Oh, shit. Fuck," he breathes, and has to close his eyes for a moment. His hand comes to rest on Billy's head, and the hair is coarser than a girl's - if that's even a thing, what does Steve know about biology if he hardly even passed - but it's curly and nice to hold on to, and Billy doesn't seem to mind.

Steve threads his fingers through it, takes a deep breath. He doesn't want to come embarrassingly fast, he wants to savor this, but then he makes the mistake of opening his eyes again. Billy is looking up at him with those bedroom eyes, and for the first time, Steve understands that all that flirtation, all that lust is for him. Billy isn't just playing, he really *wants* Steve. And he can feel the thought going straight to his head. Can feel the electricity in his veins.

--

Billy closes his eyes for just a moment at the feeling of Steve's hand in his hair and wonders for half a second if he's doing that purposefully - his wordless response to Billy's wordless confession earlier - but he quickly erases the thought, instantly embarrassed to have had it in the first place. He's down here to suck a dick, not to worry about the feelings behind it all.

So he presses his fingers up toward the elastic at the top of the pretty boy's Calvins and gives them a tug. For a moment he thinks Steve isn't going to follow him this time, but then he does and *oh, sweet Jesus, how is that fair?*

Steve isn't just proudly hung, his cock is *gorgeous.* Not a word even Billy throws out lightly for cocks. But for this one… How is he going to survive basketball now, knowing *this?*

"Jesus, Harrington," he mutters, pushing Steve's legs further apart and glancing up at his face as he brings them closer. "A pretty face *and* a pretty cock. You really are spoiled, aren't you?"

Steve blushes, but looks like he's about to complain about what Billy's mouth should be doing instead of talking. And for once, Billy couldn't agree with him more. So before Steve can more than open his mouth, Billy slips over just the head of the cock in front of him and starts sucking him slowly down.

--

The way that Billy still calls him by his last name, even down there, on his knees, about to suck his cock like he didn't beat the shit out of him just two months ago, gives Steve a kick, because, *fuck.* Whenever Billy calls him *Harrington* in the future with that derisive tone of his, Steve can remember *this*. The way Billy's lips stretch around him, the way he sucks like he wants to end Steve, wants to make him come in two seconds flat. The way he looks up at him while he does it.

"Fuck, Billy," Steve whines, and yeah, he's gotten sucked off before, but he can't remember any of the other times now. Billy's just blowing them from his mind.

--

Billy hums a little at the sound of Steve's desperation and takes him deeper. Presses in 'til he's gagging, and is a little turned on by how much more there is to go after that. But he leaves that party trick for later, not wanting to get too far ahead of himself, and pulls back off to lick a wet stripe from balls to tip. He can taste the pre-come on his tongue and groans a little inadvertently.

"Slut", his father says in his memory, and Billy closes his eyes and takes Steve back between his lips with a louder moan as he sucks more of that taste into his mouth. He buries his fingers in the soft flesh at Steve's thighs and hips, pulling him close, and goes back down 'til Steve is filling his mouth, his cheeks hollowed with suction.

But he feels a shiver before he can start to push that last reflex, and in an instant, he has to pull off before the cold makes him do something he won't be able to live down.

"Fuck," he gasps as if he's been personally slighted. "Fuck." He leans back in to lick up the precome that threatens to fall to the suede of the seats below as if called to it.

--

"Shit!" Steve hisses, the cold air hitting his wet cock like a slap. Fuck, they really shouldn't have turned off that heater, he can see Billy's breath steaming around his cock, and if the damned ignition wasn't a lifetime and a continent away, Steve would reach up and blast them with all the heat the Beemer could cook up.

His balls are protesting the mixed signals, both wanting to crawl back into his body and also schmooze up to Billy, their new best friend. Billy's tongue flicks out just to lick his tip, and Steve shivers. He has to reach down and give himself a couple of tugs, he just has to. Sweet friction.

"Fuck, man, it's fucking freezing in here."

--

Billy glances up at Steve incredulously.

"You don't say," he says, shivering almost like he's making a point.

He sighs and pulls Steve's hand off his cock. "Stop that," he says as he pushes his stiff legs up into something like a standing position, groaning at the return of blood to his extremities. "If I can wait, you fucking can."

He moves around a bit and turns to reach through the front seats for the key, still sitting in the ignition. It's a stretch, but he finally reaches with some difficulty and quickly turns the key, immediately reaching over to the dials on the dash and struggling with cold fingers on the unfamiliar controls to make the heat go up and into the backseat.

--

"Alright, *Jesus*," Steve mumbles, feeling only a little guilty. Then he leans back and enjoys the view. Billy may not be a girl, but his ass is certainly something to behold. For purely aesthetic reasons. The guy looks like he could be carved out of marble almost. Steve reaches out and runs a hand over it for a quick second before glancing up at what he can see of Billy's face and giving a handful of it an appreciative squeeze, because *fuck*, if Billy really does want him to… then he might as well acquaint himself with the territory.

--

Billy jumps at the cold touch and is almost affronted for a second before he realizes *Steve Harrington actually can't keep his hands off me*, and grins back at him wickedly, pressing into the touch.

"Now *that*," he says. "You *can* touch."

--

"Wow, thanks for that," Steve replies sarcastically, but he's enjoying this because Billy is actually arching back into his hand. He's like a big cat demanding to be petted, like a pocket lion wanting to be fierce and actually just dying to roll over and expose his throat.

Steve grabs both cheeks with his hands, palms them. Only then does he realize what it means, the dusky shadow in between, and flush a little. He can't help his mind going there, he can't *not* imagine

pushing up in there, into *that*. He lets go and leans back into the seat, and Billy turns back around to peer at him.

--

“Something wrong?” he asks. Because he can see the little frown line between Steve’s eyebrows, and the distance between them suddenly feels oddly cold for all the hot air being blown at them now.

He turns around fully and sits down next to Steve on the seat, really feeling the soft suede against his bare thighs for the first time, now that he’s warm enough to feel and hypersensitive enough to pay attention. He pulls one leg up onto the seat and bends it so he can sit facing Steve properly. Then he returns a hand to the top of Steve’s jeans, still gathered around his knees, and nudges them down further.

--

Steve shakes his head, hoping that Billy can’t see how flushed he is in the dim light. “All good, amigo.”

--

“Good,” Billy smiles, tugging harder at the pants impatiently, indicating that Steve needs to get a lot more naked. “Because I wasn’t joking when I said I wanted you to fuck me, King Steve. Get these fucking things off.”

--

Steve toes off his shoes because he can be helpful as anything if there’s a dire need to be, and his dick is telling him that right now there is. He wriggles and gets rid of his pants, shucks his underpants along with them.

“Fucking things are off,” he says, and takes Billy’s hand to pull him close again, wants Billy on his lap - can they do it like that? - because from his limited experience, he likes getting to look at Billy like that. The whole glory of him. “Come and get it, Hargrove.”

--

Billy grins and leans in to kiss him, following Steve's lead but not all the way, because right then he just needs to. Loves how much Steve seems to want this too, if only because he's rock hard and Billy's offering him free sex.

"Not so fast," he mutters against his soft skin, chuckling. "We'll need lube. And a condom." He groans against Steve's mouth and pulls back away to reach for his jacket. "I think I have… oh fuck, *please* tell me it's this jacket. Fuuck… No!"

As Billy frantically searches his pockets, practically tearing the beloved jacket apart, he comes to the realization that it's empty but for a lighter and his house key and feels like he just won the lottery and dropped his winnings into a fire on the way out the door. He chucks the jacket to the floor with more force than is necessary and a devastated: *"fuck!"*

--

It slowly dawns on Steve that Billy isn't joking around, but his cock is so fucking hard it makes it hard to think straight, to understand what Billy is actually saying. "What…?" he says and runs a hand through his hair. He does get the gist of it, though. There will not be any fucking Billy tonight. And that's really fucking disappointing to him somehow. *Fuck.*

"Couldn't we just ditch the condom this time? I mean, it's not like I'm gonna knock you up…"

--

Billy shakes his head and turns back to Steve, taking him in from his pale thighs to his thick, painfully hard looking cock, to his cluelessly hopeful face.

"It's the lube we *really* need. But even if--" Right now is probably not the best time to educate Steve on what they're calling the Gay Plague back west. It's not like they can fuck now anyway, but if he ever gets this chance again he doesn't want to have ruined it with that. He bites his lip and shakes his head again. "We can't do it. Not like that." He sighs. "But here, come on. I'll make it up to you."

Billy presses against his shoulder, nodding that he should slide up and lay down on his back along the seat. Steve does so guardedly, but Billy quickly settles between his legs again and licks a wet stripe up his thigh to his balls.

He presses in and breathes over them before taking one into his mouth and sucking it, his right hand traveling down between his own thighs to give his own neglected cock a teasing tug. He glances up and takes Steve's left leg over his shoulder.

--

"Fuck," Steve breathes, "Okay." He is still processing what Billy has been saying, and even now, a deep disappointment settles in his gut, the knowledge that they're not gonna do what Billy has been teasing for what feels like all night long, what he'd finally started getting used to as an idea… Well, *fuck*. It's not because Billy doesn't want it, Steve's fairly sure of that. You don't ask someone, no, *tell* someone to *fuck you*, just to tease. Not like this. Billy doesn't gain anything from this. And even if Steve's cock is still sulking, the rest of him is starting to get with the program. Steve's balls for one are completely into it.

"Do you…" Steve sighs and closes his eyes. "Are you… I mean…" Fuck, he can't even talk straight anymore. But if he doesn't ask now, he may never get the nerve up to hear if Billy wants to try again some other night.

--

Billy can't get enough of the flush in Steve's cheeks as he tries to form a sentence with his balls in Billy's mouth. He wonders how far down the flush goes, and takes his mouth off of Steve to reach up for the last layers of shirt and sweater that cover him up.

"Spit it out, pretty boy," he encourages tauntingly, planting hungry kisses on his bony hips and up his belly as he pushes the shirts up out of the way.

--

"Nevermind, it's stupid," Steve mumbles, because he doesn't want to

hear Billy laugh at him, not right now. He feels stupid and a little raw. How come Billy's the one on his knees, casually picking one of Steve's pubic hairs out of his teeth, and he's *still* the one to hold all the playing cards?

--

Billy groans and nudges Steve up to pull his shirts the rest of the way off a little roughly, and when he lays back down he leans in and kisses him hard and deep.

"Fine," he says against his lips, rolling his hips so their dicks rub together. He barely holds back a sigh at the sensation, but he can't hold back the bead of pre-come that falls from his head to coat Steve's erection. "Don't ask then," he says. "I'm tired of talking." He pulls back and looks him in the eyes as he drives their hips together again with a stutter.

"But just so you know, none of this is ever leaving this car. I mean, I'm not gonna go around bragging I had sex with Steve Harrington, and if *you* do I'll *kill* you, so…" He sighs. "I dunno, just don't feel like you've gotta be 'cool' with the guy who just asked you to fuck him multiple times, I guess. Right?"

Before Steve can rope him into further conversation, Billy leans down and sucks a nipple into his mouth, licking it roughly before he makes his way over to the other.

--

And just like that, Billy reminds him that there's another world out there. That they'll see each other in the morning, at school, and it'll be like nothing ever happened. Billy will be a dick to him during basketball. Steve will pretend he doesn't mind sitting alone during lunch if Nancy and Jonathan are off doing whatever.

"Christ, do you always have to be such an asshole?" he mutters, and hisses a curse when Billy bites his nipple. "Like I give a fuck what you tell people about me." It couldn't be worse than anything Tommy H. and Carol have been saying about him behind his back for the last year, anyway.

--

Billy rolls his eyes and sits up abruptly.

“Look, do you want me to suck your dick or not, Harrington?” he asks, throwing an arm wide in askance. “‘Cause that’s an option if you’re gonna be an uppity bitch about it all night. Jesus, you’d think you were doing *me* a favor here,” he scoffs, pressing his knuckles in along his own aching cock as it stands, desperately red against his lower abdomen.

--

“Oh, so you’re doing me a *favor* ?”Steve asks, raising both eyebrows in disbelief, because that’s *not at all* what this feels like. As if Steve has been the one trying to jump Billy’s bones all night, and not the other way around. “Yeah, better get that *favor* in, before all this ends and we just pretend it never happened, right?”

--

No. Shit. That’s not how this is supposed to happen. Billy panics at the tone of Steve’s voice and the tenseness he can already see returning to his muscles. *All of that progress and now this?*

His ego is straining and his temper wants nothing more than to boil over, show Harrington just who’s in control here, but that would mean the end of whatever this is. Whatever they’ve opened up tonight and was just starting to seem like a real possibility. That the hottest piece of ass in Hawkins, Indiana might be a fag too after all.

Billy knows what he has to do to fix this and it smarts, but, he reminds himself, it’s for the greater good. The possibility that he won’t have to wait to move out of this podunk town, or drive to goddamn Indianapolis just to get laid once in a while. He licks his lips, trying at least to look like he’s not about to bite Harrington’s dick off, and scoots back down between his legs.

“Spread ‘em then, *King Steve,*” he snarls, even as he does it for him, pulling Steve’s leg up over his shoulder once again.

He breathes in deep and takes Steve’s cock back into his mouth,

quick and determined. Pushes past his gag reflex seamlessly until he's got the heavy press of it seated at least an inch into his throat and his nose nested in the dark curls at Steve's base. He can't help the moan at that. *Fuck,* he's missed that sensation.

--

"Mother of God!" Steve grunts out, because *this,* this is new. He knows he's above average, and he's never minded that the few girlfriends he's had who tried couldn't actually fit it into their mouths all the way. A blowjob is a godsend and a beautiful thing even if it's part hand, part mouth. He'd never considered that it could be different. But Billy Hargrove is fucking here to teach him, and when he swallows around Steve's cock, Steve slumps back into the seat with a loud groan, hands bunching into fists, before coming to rest on Billy's shoulders. *Holy fucking fuck!*

--

Billy closes his eyes and focuses. Because if he glances up at the faces Steve's making right now he might just come untouched on these seats and somehow he doesn't imagine Steve would appreciate that. Not on the goddamn *suede.* So he swallows around the cock in his mouth and lifts one of Steve's hands to the back of his head as he pulls off almost completely.

Pressing down with both their hands as he takes him in again, urging Steve to take over, he groans muffledly. He's leaking onto his thighs and the seat between them and he wants to reach down and finish off but there's nothing to catch the insane buildup of come he knows is waiting behind the floodgates.

--

Fuck. Billy's moan reverberates all through him, and the way he guides Steve's hand like he actually wants him to fuck his face, as if that's the logical thing to do: If Billy's ass isn't available, his mouth will do just fine! Steve whines at the thought, is already halfway gone down mental street, when he holds the back of Billy's head and pumps in, once, twice, he doesn't even make it to the third time. The tip of his cock brushes against the back of Billy's throat and he's

gone, liquified, all of him is shooting down Billy's throat now, and there's nothing of him left.

--

Steve shudders before he comes, but that's the only sign Billy gets before his load is filling Billy's throat and it's lucky he's done this before or he'd be choking and breathing it into his lungs. He pulls up and mostly off, sucking as he goes and letting the hot spunk sit on his tongue before he swallows it down, milking Steve's orgasm from him until he comes off the end with a wet pop.

His own cock his straining. His balls tight and desperate. Sucking cock has always been hot, but Steve Harrington's has been a dream for so many months. He aches for the thought that he could have been riding it tonight if he'd only worn the jean jacket.

--

The cool air on his spit-wet cock makes Steve hiss and open his eyes again quickly. He feels a bit wrung out. This was the most intense blowjob he's ever had, without rival, and the fact that they were almost fighting just before makes him feel almost guilty, awkward, for coming so spectacularly. He pulls the corner of the discarded sleeping bag up from the floor and covers himself just a little. But then he looks up at Billy.

He can't read his expression, but he can see his cock clearly, even though he has to force himself not to look away, embarrassed. It's so hard and flushed it looks almost angry, standing needy against the surprisingly dark curls between his muscled legs. And Billy has just sucked Steve's mind all the way out of him, so the least he can do now is give the guy *something* in return, right? It probably won't take much, not after the way they've been playing up to this for what feels like hours and hours…

"So," Steve says awkwardly, "You want me to, um…" He gestures towards Billy's dick in what he hopes is an eloquent enough manner.

--

Billy glances over at Steve, all flushed and fucked out and gorgeous as hell even as he goes to cover himself like a blushing virgin. He huffs a bitter laugh and reaches down for his pants, on the floor.

“Don’t do me any favors, Harrington,” he says, aloof, because no matter what they say, in Billy’s experience, you’ll get more flies with a perfectly bewildering combination of vinegar and honey than you will with either on their own *any day*. “You’re not gay, remember?”

He struggles to slip the twisted denim on over his feet and turns away, hiding his shamefully desperate cock. *There has to be a line here,* he thinks. *If he thinks he can just fuck with me now I’ll never hear the end of this. He has to know I’m stronger than him.*

--

Steve blinks. First he can’t believe that Billy means it, is actually doing this, getting dressed like he isn’t still hard as a rock and unfulfilled. He feels a protest form on his lips, that this isn’t *fair*, Billy just denying him the chance to be a bit nicer, as nice as you should be to the person who’s just given you a truly spectacular orgasm.

But when he sees Billy’s grim face, all words die and he shuts his mouth again and he wordlessly picks up his clothes from the floor and starts to put them on.

Billy is one step ahead of him, already shrugging into his shirt and jacket, and Steve looks down at the blanket. Can see a wet spot where one of them must have leaked onto it. *Christ.* He doesn’t think he can pretend this never happened. He doesn’t know how to.

“Listen, Billy…”

--

“You made it perfectly clear, man,” Billy cuts him off curtly. His voice sounds completely fucked out but he hopes the gravel of it helps with his tone of authority. “Blame it on the beer if you want to. Tomorrow it’s back to business as usual, as usual. *Comprende?* I’m not a girl, I don’t need you to hold my fucking hand about it. So let’s just fucking go.”

Billy pushes the door open and cherishes how painfully cold the air is, cutting straight through his few layers of clothing and wilting his strained erection just a little. He stamps his feet out in the snow for a moment before taking a deep breath and getting back in the passenger's side carefully. *God,* it's hard to move right with his dick this swollen, rough against the zipper of his jeans, but he stubbornly doesn't let it show. He'll be fine 'til Harrington drops him off.

--

Steve winces at the slammed door, and slowly works himself out of the seat and outside. The cold air is like a slap to his face, but it makes sure he doesn't dawdle any longer. He gets into the driver's seat, turns the key in the ignition, and starts to drive back the way they came.

He hates the fact that the roads are such shit out here, wishes he could speed up the agonizing drive all the way to Billy's. Every minute of strained silence is excruciating. He stops a few houses down, figuring Billy wouldn't want anyone to see him get dropped off if they happen to be looking out their window at the wrong moment, and looks at Billy, careful. Unsure what to say.

"So… "

--

Billy doesn't meet Steve's eyes, his hand already on the door handle as they pull to a stop, just leans forward to push the door open and says over his shoulder:

"Try not to look too lovesick tomorrow, Harrington. You're just a pretty cock. I can always find another."

He leaves Steve in the car and shuts the door quietly behind him at the last minute, resisting the urge of an angry slam. Steve, however, is apparently riled enough by his words that he speeds off before Billy's hardly stepped away from the car.

He's the angry one? Billy thinks to himself, palming his miserable cock through his jeans and hissing. There's a couple empty lawns between

him and his house still, but he really doesn't think he'd survive the walk at this point. So with a quick glance around at the neighbors, he pulls his fly open and tries not to cry out at the biting cold as he pulls himself out of his pants.

It feels like he's gonna explode, but also like he already has a million times and doesn't have it in him for one more go. Billy groans and leans a hand against the formerly white picket fence in front of him, spitting into his other hand and slicking it up his bright red cock.

He closes his eyes and focuses on the feeling of it, muttering under his breath: "come on, come on, come on, *come* already, *Jesus*." But his cock doesn't want to cooperate. He thinks about the feeling of Steve on his tongue and in his throat without meaning to and feels himself get a little bit closer. *Well, shit.*

He's a little hard-up to be turning help down now, though, so he pushes into the sense memories and groans low in his throat at the thought of Steve's lips on his own, his tongue on Billy's nipples, his voice: *"...Want me to fuck you?"*

"Oh fffuck, fuck, fuck, fuck… *fuck*."

Billy paints the fence white again, feeling the shocks of his orgasm run through him in so many waves, it takes everything within him not to collapse against the fence and fall asleep there - let hypothermia take him - but after a minute he wipes the head of his cock with his thumb and stuffs his cold-shriveled genitals back into his jeans and heads home just thinking *King Steve…* over and over again in his head on an endless loop.

Author's Note:

> In case anyone is interested, there are mood-board things for each of the fics in this series up on Theo's tumblr here, great for reblogging and sharing with your friends ;)